

Drowning by **Novella_Winchester**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Fluff, I promise, Oops, Pregnancy, Reader-Insert, and i love him, angsty, haha bitch caught you there, his face is just so nice, i tried to make him better, im sorry, twist - Freeform, x Reader

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Reader

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Reader, Billy Hargrove/You

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-04-06

Updated: 2018-04-06

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:35:32

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 948

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy can tell you're hiding something, and you're slowly suffocating under the pressure.

Drowning

You sat in your car, unmoving, the heels of your palms pressed over your eyes. Around you, people moved in and out of the parking lot. But you might as well have been blind. A sharp knock on your window jarred you out of your trance and you looked up to see Billy smiling through your window. It was the same-old cocky grin he always plastered over his face in social settings.

He pulled the door open and looked down at you. "Where were you? I wouldn't have come today if I knew you wouldn't be here."

Stretching your lips into a strained smile, you shook your head. "It was just a doctor's appointment. I was feeling a little sick this morning." He frowned and began to speak until you reached up to brush a curl out of his face. "Let's just go to class and after we can drop off Max at the arcade and get milkshakes." He gave you a suspicious look, but chose not to voice concern, just smiled and moved so that you could climb out of your seat.

You liked to think that Billy was getting better now that you were together. He wasn't getting in fights all the time anymore, and you had made it clear you disapproved of any form of bullying. While dating Billy you had all at once become Max's guardian angel, and an effective deterrent to his anger. Half of the time he was still an infuriating, cocky asshole, but even that was progress. You thought of yourself as training the blind aggression out of a hurt dog.

As soon as you slung your bag over your shoulder Billy wrapped his arm around your side and pulled you close. Your hip bumped against his thigh with every off-beat step. The normalcy of this gesture calmed you, but at the same time it made something uncomfortable rise in your chest.

You walked through the rest of your classes in a sort of hazel cloud. It felt as though you were hearing everything underwater, all muffled and blurry. You were just climbing into your car when you heard someone calling your name.

"Fuck, (Y/n)! Wait a second!"

Billy jogged towards your car, a frown twisting his mouth. He propped himself up above your door and looked down at you, eyes fiery.

“I’ll pick you up in an hour, and then you can tell me what the fuck is going on.”

Then he turned his back and walked away, you watching him, stomach twisted into knots, as he went.

You and Billy sat across from each other, locked in a tense silence. He was staring at you, barely touching his food. You weren’t sure why he’d ordered anything in the first place. You just looked down at your milkshake, slowly sipping, consistently freezing your teeth and gums. Usually nothing could keep you from being happy about a milkshake, but now your throat just felt unbearably cold. Maybe if you just kept your eyes down and didn’t speak him, just keep drinking, it would eventually freeze you from the inside out.

You could tell Billy was growing more and more impatient. And it made him angry as hell that you were keeping something from him. Finally, he broke the silence, leaning back into his seat and pushed a hand through his hair. “What the fuck is up (Y/n)?”

Out of the corner of your eye you noticed one of his french fries slowly tip off his plate and land awkwardly on the formica table-top.

He shoved his hand through his curls again. “What are you so afraid of that you can’t tell me? What, are you pregnant or something?”

You choked on your milkshake, the backs of your eyes prickling with tears. Billy was visibly angry, and you felt like you were drowning.

Panicked, he immediately reached across the table at the sight of your tears. “Wait, no, I’m not mad, (Y/n). It’s okay, stop crying.” His hand was warm against your cheek and it only made you cry harder as he tried to console you. He quickly slapped a twenty dollar bill down on the table and lifted you out of your seat to go outside.

Sitting in the front seat of the Camaro, he held you tight to his chest,

his cheek resting on the top of your head. He held you like that until your breathing slowed and the tears stopped coming. You exhaled a shaky breath against his chest. Looking down you watched as he gently unfurled your hand. It had been curled tight into a fist, and your nails had cut crescent shaped marks into your palm.

“I—I’m not pregnant.” Billy was silent, leaving the space open for your words. “But I’ll never get to be pregnant. Apparently my birth mother was a big smoker and I was born with severely damaged fallopian tubes.” You gave a bitter laugh. “Most people are more worried about getting pregnant than not, but I never even knew I wanted kids so much until now.”

Billy just crushed you closer to his chest, unsure of what to say to make it all better, not knowing if anything he could muster up would even come close. So he just held you as you felt smaller than ever before.

After a few moments he finally spoke up. “You know, if you really want kids, we could always adopt.” He thought it was a weak attempt at best, but in your eyes it was genuine and without the hollow feeling of pity.

You looked up to meet his eyes, seeing something he’d never shown you before. “We?”

“Yeah, we.”